Your letter is with *Iubiter* by this.

Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius, Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marcus. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot
The Bull being galde, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
Shee laught, and tolde the *Moore* hee should not choose,
But giue them to his Master for a present.

Titus. VVhy there it goes, God giue his Lordship ioy.

Enter the Clowne *with a basket and two pidgeons in it.*

Clowne. Newes, newes from heauen,
Marcus the Poast is come.

Titus. Sirra what tidings, haue you any letters,
Shall I haue iustice, what saies *Iubiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Gibbetmaker? Hee saies that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hangd till the next weeke.

Titus. But what saies *Iubiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir, I know not *Iubiter*,
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Titus. VVhy villaine art not thou the Carrier.

Clowne. I of my pidgeons sir, nothing els.

Titus. VVhy didst thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen, alas sir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I should be so bolde, to presse to heauen in my young daies:
VVhy I am going with my pidgeons to the tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperals men.

Marcus. VVhy sir, that is as fit as can bee to serue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the pidgeons to the Emperour from you.

Titus.

Titus. Tell mee, can you deliuer an Ora
perour with a grace.

Clowne. Nay truelie sir, I could neuer
my life.

Titus. Sirra come hither, make no mor
But giue your pidgeons to the Emperour,
By mee thou shalt haue iustice at his hands
Hold, hold, meane while here's money for
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirra, can you with a grace deliuer vp a Sup

Clowne. I sir.

Titus. Then here is a Supplication for you
come to him, at the first approch you mu
kisse his foote, then deliuer vp your pidge
looke for your reward. Ile bee at hand si
brauelie.

Clowne. I warrant you sir, let me alone.

Titus. Sirra hast thou a knife? Come let
Here *Marcus*, fold it in the Oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble Sup
And when thou hast giuen it to the Emper
Knocke at my doore, and tell me what he

Clowne. God be with you sir, I will.

Titus. Come *Marcus* let vs goe, *Publius*

Enter Emperour and Empresse and her t
Emperour brings the Arrowes in h
that Titus shot at him.

Saturnine. VVhy Lords what wrongs are
An Emperour in Rome thus ouerborne,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for the ex
O fegall iustice, vsde in such contempt.